

# The Dessert

## TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

No. 27.

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VOL. I.

### THE BAD EFFECTS OF AN IMPRUDENT MATRIMONIAL CONNECTION.

#### A TALE.

WHILST the rest of the company were viewing the curiosities of the place, Hortensius, for some reason or other, had strolled at some distance behind the convent, where he spied a young wood-nymph cros the glade, with a pitcher of water in her hand. She was of a genteel shape, and her age seemed about fifteen. Though her tresses hung loose about her neck, and her coats were become too short, yet they shewed her limbs to such advantage, and gave her such an artless appearance, that a young templar could not view so amiable a figure without some emotions of pleasure, which tempted him to approach her with an eager curiosity: but the poor girl was so frightened, that she threw down her pitcher, and ran like a young fawn, and made her escape to a little cottage, almost concealed by the woods, whither Hortensius ventured to pursue her.

The cottage stood in a little garden, which was overrun with weeds; though here and there a rose bush, and one or two currant trees, forced their way through the wild convolvulues that twisted round them. When he came to the house, it seemed to be the habitation of poverty and wretchedness. A tall, fair woman however, who appeared to be between thirty and forty, dressed in a gown which seemed to be silk, with her hair about her ears, and breasts almost bare, was sitting in a broken chair, and combing a little boy's head, with another child asleep in the cradle, and a third hanging in a swing. She looked at Hortensius with a mixture of anger and confusion, feeling shame and vexation at being seen in such a situation. After a kind speech or two from Hortensius, however, she got up; her features softened, and she discovered, amidst rags, an air and manner of speaking which a little surprised him, as also the remains of a good face, though distressed and vexation had rather soured her features. After some importunate enquiries from Hortensius, she told him that she had been bred up in a manner somewhat different from what her present circumstances and appearance might give room to imagine. In short, on Hortensius's urging her to acquaint him with some particulars of her story, she, with some reluctance, thus began:

"My father" says she, "was a younger brother of a gentleman's family, and was bred to a genteel business in London; but, soon after he was out of his apprenticeship, a distant rela-

tion died, and unfortunately left him an estate of about five hundred pounds a year. I say unfortunately, because, instead of pursuing his profession in town, as in prudence he should have done, and increasing his fortune, he retired into the country and spent it. He married a genteel woman of good family, but of small fortune; and living the life of an idle country squire, keeping dogs, horses, and a great deal of middling company, he soon dissipated his slender revenues, and in a few years was reduced to a state of indigence, which broke my poor mother's heart; and he himself took to drinking, and died by the time he was five and forty.

"During our prosperity, however, my mother had taken care to give me and my two brothers a tolerable education; but when she died, we were left to the care of the servants, and indeed spent as much time as we pleased amongst them in the kitchen, as my father was generally engaged with one or two sottish companions in the parlour.

"My father always took a pride in having genteel men servants about him, whom he expected always to appear clean, as he called it; so that the butler and footman were always dressed and powdered up like gentlemen.

"We had one footman, in particular, who appeared so genteel in his person, blew the German flute so well, and even danced a minuet with so good an air, (for I once saw him do it) that I really suspected him to be some young gentleman in disguise. For though my mother would never let me read romances, yet I had read several plays, and a good deal of poetry, which I found in my father's study; and was particularly pleased with the *Beaux Stratagem*, *Love in a Village*, with *Prior's Henry and Emma*, and *Pope's Eloisa to Abelard*, and the like romantic tales.

"In short, sir, I saw so little difference between the external appearance of this man, when he dressed, and several other country gentlemen who came to the house, but what was in his favour, that I was easily drawn in to listen to the nonsense which the familiar footing that we were upon encouraged him to talk to me; and this inspired him with hopes which he would not have presumed to entertain but from my imprudence."

"Why," says Hortensius, "your mistake was natural enough; and I have often wondered that any gentlemen who have daughters, and much more any old gentlemen who have young wives, should be so fond of having about them the handsomest fellows they can find; and, instead of confining them to their liveries, and other marks of their servile condition, should suffer them to dress more like gentlemen than themselves. But please to proceed in your story."

"The sequel of my story," says she, "is pretty obvious, and contains but a few more par-

ticulars. I must acquaint you, however, that about this time a young clergyman of good fortune, who had lately got a living in our neighbourhood, and who came often to dine with my father, saw me, and liked me, and actually made overtures of marriage to my father; who, as he was conscious he could not give me two hundred pounds for my fortune, listened eagerly to the proposal: but as my affections were pre-engaged, and the young clergyman was rather a plain person, I saw so much difference in the mere outward appearance of my two lovers, that I foolishly gave the preference to Mr. William, and thought I could live happier in a cottage with the man I loved, than in the greatest splendour with one whom I fancied I disliked. I was continually repeating to myself—

"Fame, Wealth, or Titles, what are you to Love."

"As I could give no other reason for refusing the young clergyman's offer, my father was extremely angry, as he had good reason; and even threatened me with the severest effects of his resentment, if I did not comply. But while the affair was in agitation, my poor father was attacked by a violent fever, and died in a few days.

"As my father had made no will, I expected to come in for a share of what money and personal estate he had left behind him. But it was soon discovered that there was little more than enough to pay his creditors: so that my elder brother, whom he had put apprentice to a linen draper in London, was not able even to set up in his trade, and is at this time only a foreman in the shop. My younger brother is a clergyman, but has only a curacy to depend upon; not one of those friends who shared my father's fortune in his prosperity, having taken any notice of him.

"As I was now my own mistress, and had not above fifty pounds for my fortune, I thought myself very happy that William proved true to his engagements; who though he might have expected me to have been a more advantageous match to him, yet, as I believe he sincerely loved me, did not use me with less kindness on that account.

"As my fortune was just sufficient to buy a little furniture, and to stock a little shop, we opened one in a market-town not far from my native place, where we went on tolerably well for some time; but as William had a taste for social company, and all sorts of country diversions, he was always from home; and I being very awkward in the management of my shop, we soon discovered that we traded to great disadvantage. In short, in a very few years we found that a great part of our money was spent, and we thought it prudent to give up our house and shop, and retire to a cottage in the country, at a small rent, where William pretended he could get more and live better by taking a



little garden ground, and by his own labour, than he could do in a town.

"After having lived two or three years in a dirty part of a miserable country town, I was much pleased with the thoughts of retiring again to shades and solitude, and formed to myself romantic ideas of a neat cottage and a little garden in the country: and as I flattered myself I should have more of my husband's company in a lonely place, I was quite happy in the prospect of such a retreat.

"But here, alas! I soon found my hopes of happiness again disappointed. My husband soon grew tired of home and continual labour, and let his garden run to ruin, as you see it, Sir. He now and then did a day's work for the squire's gardener; but as soon as he received his weekly pay, he perhaps brought me and the children a couple of loaves, and spent the rest in an ale-house. My brothers now and then contrive to send me a guinea, but that answers no other end than to make my husband idle for a week or a fortnight, till it is all spent. He is now gone to a cock-fighting, with half a crown in his pocket. If he should happen to have good luck, and win a few shillings, I shall not see him again for a week, if he loses his money, he will probably come home fuddled, and use me ill; then perhaps he will work for two or three days, and then be gone again. And this, Sir, is the comfortable life which I lead in this delightful solitude."

Hortensius was greatly affected with the poor woman's unhappy situation; and as the young nymph who had left her pitcher of water, and escaped to the cottage, (having smoothed her locks and adjusted her tattered dress as well as it would admit of,) stood behind her mother peeping at the stranger, he called her to him, and slipped two half crowns into her hands; for which the mother was going to thank him; but her tears bursting out, she put her apron to her eyes, and turned away her face: which moving sight made Hortensius hurry out of the house, and return to his company with great expedition, reflecting on the melancholy effects of a young lady's indulging so romantic and imprudent a passion.

#### A PLEASING REVERIE.

Conducted by Contemplation, I found myself in the fertile regions of Imagination; Genius and Education had dispersed those mists which are the offspring of Prejudice. My soul seized with the fire of Enthusiasm, took her flight to scenes which mortals have not yet dared to explore. I penetrated the inmost recesses of the temple of that Virtue, by the exercise of whose attributes mortals are almost elevated to the mighty inhabitants of heaven. At the porch of this edifice stood blooming Temperance, and meek Religion with uplifted eye. At the feet of Temperance laid grovelling Austerity, accompanied with the meagre crowd of penitential Fasts. Clothed in black, at the feet of Religion, appeared Superstition, with her attendants, Folly, Enthusiasm, and Hypocrisy. In vain they endeavoured to enter the temple of Virtue; Temperance and Religion united, stood the shock of their numberless hosts! Having passed

the porch, my divine guide left me to the care of Liberality of Mind: "You need not my advice; follow her dictates and they will assuredly conduct thee to Virtue." As we proceeded, Liberality of Mind made me acquainted with the names of those moral virtues by whose aid the throne of the goddess is ascended. "He who perpetually points to the divine throne, is Philosophy. He unfolds the various secrets of nature, which are hid from the ignorant. Before him is Contemplation; and behind him, Imagination, who has given birth to so many hypotheses. See Fortitude, with her eye of fire, disdaining every allure-ment the earth affords: after whom follows Resignation to the will of Providence; and here, behold—" I now saw Virtue enthroned; with Benevolence on one side, and on the other that celestial power who teaches men to controul their mortal passions. Virtue's glory did not blaze forth: her fire was that which burnt continually the same equal flame; unlike the glare of vice, which greatly blazes forth for the moment, but soon leaves us in eternal darkness?

#### ON THE CONDUCT OF MEN

TOWARDS THE FAIR SEX.

EVERY generous man should view the sentiments and actions of the fair sex in the most favourable light. I can ascribe the contrary practice to nothing but an unmanly spirit, since, in many cases, those guilty of it cannot vindicate themselves consistently with the laws of delicacy. Nature has made man the protector; and the fair sex require his protection: he who should refuse this, when necessary, would be reproached with cowardice; and much more if he should take advantage of their weakness. But is not he who injures a woman's character, to be esteemed as great a coward as he who assaults her person? Certainly he is: the former is an insult on the modesty, and the latter upon the natural weakness of the sex.

There is but one way in which we can suppose a lady may vindicate herself from a false imputation, and that is by the tenor of her actions. But then, how liable are actions to be misconstrued! When once a slanderous tongue has given the clue, the world will be too apt to ascribe every thing to a wrong principle; even the candid are sometimes misled, and form suspicions which their honour would otherwise have prevented.

The practice of viewing the female conduct in an unfavourable light, subjects the sex to many disadvantages, which I have observed in the course of my acquaintance. H.

#### A FUGITIVE IDEA.

There is something irresistibly pleasing in the conversation of a fine woman; even though her tongue be silent the eloquence of her eyes teaches wisdom. The mind sympathizes with the regularity of the object in view, and, struck with external grace, vibrates into respondent harmony.

#### THE SCHOOL OF NATURE.

Nature spreads  
An open volume: where, in ev'ry page,  
We read the wonders of Almighty Power,  
Infinite Wisdom, and unbounded Love.  
Here sweet instruction, entertaining truths,  
Reward the searching mind, and onward lead  
Enquiring Thought: new beauties still unfold,  
And opening wonders rise upon the view.  
The Mind, rejoicing, comments as she reads;  
While through th' inspiring page Conviction glows,  
And warms to praise her animated power's."

THEOPHASTA.

Nature presents to the imagination an inexhausted fund of rational amusement. To contemplate the inimitable works of creation is no less instructive than pleasing. Animate as well as inanimate objects afford an abundance of entertaining ideas, equally calculated to raise in the souls of human beings the most unfeigned offerings of wonder, gratitude, and praise. The gaiety of spring, the smiles of summer, the fecundity of autumn, and the dreariness of winter, all combine to celebrate the Author of universal existence. From the most curious and precious earthly substance, down to the simplest blade of herbage, a granary is opened to satisfy the desires of, and impart delight to rational mortals. But, notwithstanding the innumerable blessings conferred on man from above, if we attentively mark the conduct of the majority of individuals, painful as it may be to our own feelings, or those of every contemplative, virtuous, and sensible person, how few are there to be found, who are truly thankful for the mercies they enjoy? How few, indeed, who acknowledge the goodness of an omnipotent and omniscient Being! They live as if they were indebted to none for their life or their enjoyments. Unthankful and ungenerous man! why art thou so impious as to forget that incumbent gratitude, and that graceful duty, which thou owest to thy heavenly Father? Why trample on every moral obligation? Why shun the precepts of pious Wisdom, and the dictates of impartial Conscience? Rouse thyself from the torpor which thou dost assuredly receive from above; and, in the words of the late pious Mr. Addison, testify thy acknowledgments.

"When all thy mercies, O my God!  
My grateful soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise!"

#### HINT TO THE SCHOLAR.

LEARNING and genius, like beauty and feminine vivacity, are to be considered but as the ornaments of life, the essentials of which are good temper and virtue: and wherever these latter, or either of them, are wanting, no talents, however brilliant, can give their possessor any genuine title to love, or even to esteem.



## The Dessert.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12.

### THOUGHTS ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

"Who sees it,

That like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,  
Bows not his vassal head; and stricken blind,  
Kisses the bare ground with obedient breast?  
What peremptory, eagle-lighted eye,  
Dares look upon the heaven of her eye,  
That is not blinded by her majesty?"

SHAKESPEARE.

TO obtain the title of pre-eminence in beauty, has occasioned more solicitude in the bosoms of many females, than, I am afraid, ought to have been lavished on so truly an inconsiderable thing. The common idea of a beautiful woman is this—She must be elegantly shaped; have a peculiarly fine complexion, where the lillies, roses, and violets, must bend their tints in sweet assemblage; her eyes must out-sparkle the diamonds in her hair; and her whole behaviour must proclaim her the unrivalled star of the *happy* circle which she designs to illuminate with her peerless presence. If a woman is possessed of the above attractions, by *them alone* she considers herself invincible. Every sound of her syren voice, she imagines, is armed with inevitable destruction.—No man can gaze on her rosy lips, but he must fancy Cupid lies slumbering there, ready to start up, and strike his heart with an arrow dipped in the flame of her eye. But, alas! she is mistaken, if she conceives that a piece of "*painted clay*," can warm the breast of a man of sense! He may gaze with wonder at the elegantly proportioned features and fine colouring of a *merely* handsome face: but the impression will be evanescent; and the next pretty girl he meets with, by exciting the same emotions, will completely eradicate the former. Yet there is a stile of beauty, which even the *firm philosopher* cannot withstand. When the most exquisitely moulded features are sweetly softened and harmonized into the divine expression of sentiment and urbanity; when the lustrous eye of its lovely possessor trembles beneath the sympathizing dews of pity; or, when lighted up by genius and enthusiasm, it reflects, in its ardent and refulgent bosom, the glorious movements of the inward soul. It is then, and only then, that the woman resembles the angel! It is then, and only

then, that the soft beams of her gentle eye slide into the heart of man, and make him hers for ever!

I have often contemplated, with pleasure, an elegant stature; but I remained perfectly calm. I have many times gazed on living faces, perhaps, equally fine; and with the same unruffled serenity, I assented to their beauty, but I did not *feel* it; because the women I looked on, appeared to be as devoid of mind as the work of the statuary. On the reverse, I have accidentally raised my head, and have met the passing glance of an angel, where the soul of a celestial being seemed to reign; I have felt its glowing rays strike my heart like electricity; raising such a tumult in my bosom and my senses, that I could not have told she had any other feature in her face than an eye. But that *eye* possessed both the lustre and the properties of the sun, warming our hearts with its rays and attracting them towards it.

This is the beauty that I would wish my fair countrywomen to aspire after. It is not because an eye is blue and brilliant that it has the power to wound; nor, because it is black and radiant, that its penetrating powers sink into the inmost depths of the soul. No; its force rests not on the varying basis of colours; we must see a richly cultivated and highly polished mind, shine through its splendid mirror; we must see exquisitely delicate sentiments meliorate its dazzling lustre; we must see the reducing softness of sweet humanity swim over its humid surface. In short—if I may use the expression—a *lovely soul* is the essence of beauty. S.

### HISTORIC PASSAGES.

WHEN Epaminondas and Pelopidas, at the head of a vast army, invaded the territories of Sparta; Ischolas, a Spartan captain, commanded one of the detachments which were stationed to check the inroads of the enemy. He soon perceived that his troops were too few to oppose the invaders, with any possibility of success. Disdaining, however, to retreat, and yet unwilling that the flower of his regiment should be thrown away, in a manner from which their country could derive no advantage, he carefully draughted off the young and vigorous, and sent them back to Lacedæmon, as persons who might hereafter be of important benefit to the state. But he himself, and a few determined veterans, whose lives were almost worn out in the public service, waited to receive the attack; in which, after a most gallant defence, every one of them nobly perished.

What a constellation of virtues irradiated the closing scene of Ischolas's life! The quick and

exquisite sense of *personal honour*, which would not permit him to take even undignified measures for his own safety;—the majestic *fortitude*, and the heroic *contempt of life*, which induced him to stand his ground, though he knew death was certain, and victory impossible;—the cool *wisdom*, the generous *benevolence*, and the disinterested *patriotism*, which caused him to consult the safety and the lives of his younger soldiers, while himself and aged comrades were so magnanimously prodigal of their own, supply lessons to all succeeding times. What could be more truly great, than, *Go, you who can be of future service to your country, but I will stay here and die.*

### Hall of Hymen.

—MARRIED—

—On Thursday evening the 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. JOHN RIGGS, of Trenton, New-Jersey, to Miss ELIZABETH PHILLIPS, of this city.

—On Tuesday the 8th inst. at the Friend's Meeting, Mr. EPHRAIM HAINES, to Miss ELIZABETH TROTTER both of this city.

—On Thursday the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. EDWARD COLLINS to Miss ANN NOBLES both of this city.

—On Thursday evening the 3d. inst. Mr. JOSHUA LIPPENCOT, merchant, to Miss SARAH WETHERILL, daughter of Mr. Samuel Wetherill Druggist, of this city.

—At New-York, on Wednesday the 2nd. inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. FRANCIS COCHRAN to Miss JANE GIFFORD both of that city.

—At Friends Meeting, on Tuesday the 1st. inst. Mr. ANDREW MOORE, of Lancaster county to Mrs. SARAH WORTELL, of this city.

—On Saturday the 29th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. THOMAS KELLY, merchant, to Miss REBECCA L. M'LEAN, both of this city.

—On Thursday the 20th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Tenant, Capt. ROBERT WILSON, of Abington, to Miss MARY TYSON, of Moreland.

### TERMS OF THE DESSERT TO THE TRUE AMERICAN

TWO DOLLARS per annum, one half payable in advance.

### TERMS OF THE TRUE AMERICAN.

SIX DOLLARS per annum payable one half in advance. The DESSERT is given gratis to the Subscribers of the "TRUE AMERICAN." The "True American" is published every morning, on a paper equal in size and quality to any in the UNITED STATES.





[The following burlesque on the style, in which most of the German romantic ballads are written, is replete with wit and humour; and we trust will prove amusing even to the greatest admirers of that style of writing. It is only necessary to premise that Lord Hoppergollop has left his servant maid at his country mansion, where she has fallen in love with the gardener.]

COLD blows the blast:—the night's obscure:  
The mansion's crazy waincots crack:  
The sun had sunk:—and all the moor,  
Like ev'ry other moor—was black.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,  
The lovely Molly Dumpling sat,  
Much did she fear, and much admire,  
What Thomas, gard'ner could be at.

Listening, her hand supports her chin,  
But, ah! no foot is heard to stir:  
He comes not, from the garden, in;  
Nor he, nor little Bobtail cur.

They cannot come, sweet maid, to thee!  
Flesh, both of cur and man, is graft!  
And what's impossible, can't be;  
And never, never, comes to pass!

She paces through the hall antique,  
To call her Thomas from his toil;  
Opens the huge door;—the hinges creak,—  
Because the hinges wanted oil.

Thrice, on the threshold of the hall,  
She "Thomas!" cried, with many a sob;  
And thrice on Bobtail did she call,  
Exclaiming sweetly—"Bob! Bob! Bob!"

Vain maid! a gard'ner's corpse, 'tis said,  
In answers can but ill succeed;  
And, dogs that hear when they are dead  
Are very cunning dogs, indeed!

Back thro' the hall she bent her way,  
All, all was solitude around!  
The candle shed a feeble ray—  
Though a large mould of four to th' pound.

Full closely to the fire she drew;  
Adown her cheek a salt tear stole,  
When, lo! a coffin out there flew,  
And in her apron burnt a hole!

Spiders their busy death watch tick'd;  
A certain sign that fate will frown;  
The clumsy kitchen clock, too, click'd;  
A certain sign it was not down.

More strong and strong her terrors rose;—  
Her shadow did the wail appal;—

She trembled at her lovely nose—  
It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber, damp and cold,  
She clim'd lord Hoppergollop's stair;—  
Three stories high, long, dull and old—  
As great lords' stories often are.

All Nature now appear'd to pause;  
And "o'er the one half world seem'd dead;"  
No "curtain'd sleep" had she;—because  
She had no curtains to her bed.

Listening she lay;—with iron din,  
The clock struck twelve; the door flew wide;  
When Thomas grimly glided in,  
With little Bobtail by his side.

Tall, like the poplar, was his size;  
Green, green his waistcoat was, as leeks,  
Red, red as beet root, were his eyes;  
And, pale, as turnips, were his cheeks!

Soon as the spectre she espied,  
The fear-struck damsel faintly said,  
"What would my Thomas?—he replied,  
"O! Molly Dumpling! I am dead."

"All in the flower of youth I fell,  
Cut off with health's full blossom crown'd;  
I was not ill—but in the well  
I tumbled backwards, and was drown'd.

"Four fathom deep thy love doth lie;  
His faithful dog his fate doth share;  
We're fiends;—this is not he and I;  
We are not here—for we are there.

"Yes;—two foul water fiends are we;  
Maid of the moor! attend us now!  
Thy hour's at hand;—we come for thee!  
The little fiend cur said "bow wow!"

"To wind her in her cold grave,  
A Holland sheet a maiden likes;  
A sheet of water thou shalt have;  
Such sheets there are in Holland dykes."

The fiends approach; the maid did shrink;  
Swift through the night's foul air they spin;  
They took her to the green well's brink,  
And, with a souse, they plump'd her in.

### THE ROBIN.

SWEET social bird! how soft, how sweet the lay,  
For thy few crumbs—you gratefully repay!  
Here each succeeding morn, with mellow note,  
You pour the music of thy trembling throat.  
But, art thou conscious of approaching ill—  
Dread winter's storm—the pointed blast that kills?  
Oh! shun the savage North's un pitying breath,  
And cruel man's more lateat snares of death.  
Here, gentle bird, a safe asylum find;  
Nor dread the chilling frost, nor boisterous wind.  
No prowling tyrant of the feather'd race  
Shall dare molest thee in this friendly place:  
No hostile gunner shall disturb thy rest,  
Nor wound the plumage of thy beauteous breast.

Come, pretty songster, come, from danger free,  
And trust thy life and liberty to me.  
My hands thy daily food shall always bring—  
The crumb, the worm, and water from the spring;  
I'll watch thy sprightly form without alloy,  
And fondly listen to thy notes of joy.  
Peace then sweet warbler, to thy fluttering heart,  
Defy the rage of hawks, and soils of art:  
And fearless plume thy wings, and gladlier pay  
Thy grateful tribute to each rising day.

### On the IMPORTANCE of TIME.

WAS it the infallible criterion by which the just observer might judge of the value or importance of an object by the manner of its being received, or esteemed, we might naturally be led to conclude that time was, of all others, the most uninteresting and unimportant.—

The study of nature is grand and sublime; but, when carried beyond the extent of human understanding, it is vague and hypothetical: still more is it for finite reason to attempt to imagine, much less comprehend, the intricate mæanders of infinity.—Astronomical theories may gratify an aspiring taste; but, as far as our ideas are demonstrable and clear, so far only can we judge. Surely then, if these pursuits are by us unfathomable, is it not an improper application of time to these, when the interests of the immortal soul are at stake.

But though this practice may be reprehensible we are not to degenerate into a total contempt of them. The generality of mankind are grown senseless of all pleasure.—Averse to thought, buried in ignorance, and immersed in the depths of dissipation, they vegetate like plants, and depart like brutes. Reason has exalted her towering mien, and bid defiance to the voice of Revelation. But the distinguishing characteristics of these are, that Reason has introduced a false philosophy, unbelief, and the various enormities that disgrace the character of the infidel; while Revelation's fruit are holiness, happiness, and a desire to "redeem the time, knowing that the days are evil." Which pursuit then is the most rational,—involving yourself in perplexity and doubt, and thereby mistaking the doctrine of the gospel,—or, by an attentive investigation, pursuing that plan which promises eternal felicity?

O.

SAMUEL F. BRADFORD,  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.